THE TRAGEDY OF The unhappy Fair, IRENE.

By *Gilbert Swinhoe*, Esq;

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To his dear Brother, the Author.

I Gratulate, Sir, that we see so soon,
While we but for a Morning look'd, your Noon.
We (could not yet believe that right-way;
And see! Thou do'st awake into full Day.
Nor have I ought to vouch thy Beams) begun,
But Gnats have leave to play within the Sun:
And though thy Worth not needs that we stand by,
We may, however, with our Votes comply;
And speak what all must do: that thou hast writ
Scenes that have in them, Spirit, Judgment, Wit;
Who from thy Pen shall reade *Irene*'s Fate
Will think her now not so unfortunate.
Let others to their merit speak thee high,
I, but a Tribute, bring of Piety. *Ja. Swinhoe.*

To the hopeful Youth of his much honoured Kinsman,
Gilbert Swinhoe, *Esq.*

SIR, You are *Poesy*'s so early Son,
Our *Papers* are a *Genethliacon*:
You else (that it may to the World be showne,
That you were born a Poet) write your own:
Or, as in *Greece*, the Infant did divide
The Cradle with the Lute couch'd by his side;
That still he might in his unwitting Play
His busie Fingers to the Chords convey:
Until the happy Artifice thus brings
Him to a *coy-Repeating* of the Strings:
So you were made familiar as soon
With Musick, that thus Element in Tune.
On then, auspicious Youth! be farther great!
And verse in all her numbers make compleat;
Until our Laureats (satisfy'd) set down
The humble Homagers unto thy Crown.

Eldred Revett.

To the most ingenious Author, his much honoured Countreyman.

SO young! and yet so good a Tragedy,
If I'de not seen't, I'de sworn 'tad had been a Lye:
But since I see't, Sir, give me leave to tell
Northumberland can boast a Miracle
Of Wit and Worth: I'le praise thee, if I could
But think that I could do it as I should.
But 'las! my Phancie's checkt with the excess
Of thy great merit: Yet this I must confess;
Did but *IRENE* live, she'd wish to dye
Once more, If thou would'st write her Tragedy.

F. S.

Prologue.

TIs she in melting Charms that did intice
Revenge and War, to calmed Lullabyes.
By which emboldned unpatron'd doth commit
Her Self unto the World's Protectorship.
And holds experienc't safety, since there are
So numerous Dangers in particular:
So bids farewel, in a disdainful fear,
Knowing, but cares not for a Censure.

Gilb. Swinhoe.

THE

THE TRAGEDY OF The unhappy fair *Irene.*

The Scene *HADRIANOPLE.*

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Souldiers, as from the Sacking of Constantinople ; *one with a Bagg of Silver.*

1. HEre Lads, here's that that ſubjects Crownes,
And Ladies to our Lure.
2. I wonder that *Conſtantinople*,
Abounding in ſuch Charmes,
Infatuated not our *Turkiſh* pride.
3. It was with them, as Stomachs clog'd with Food,
That priz'd not in their Bulcking State:
1. I marry Sir,
Their Stomachs clogd, hath ſent Repletion to the Brain
That to our good hath lul'd them in ſecurity.
2. Did you not ſee how all too late, they ſhak't their heads,
And with their idle fingers,
From their Eye-lids, would have bruſht the ſleep.
3. Shak't it, and bruſh't it quoth:
By maſs, but if they uſe it thus,
They'l ſoon wax thread-bare.
1. Come hold, youl ſhake and bruſh ſo long
That wee'l be ſhak'd behinde our lawrel'd-army.

Actus primi, Scena secunda.

Enter a Souldier, with a captive Lady as a part.

Sold. Lady, you'r here my prisoner,
And if you'l let me lord it but a while
In spoyl of your Virginity, You shall for ever be my Conqueror.
Lad. Oh Friend, do you conceive that in this hugie storm of woe,
When sorrows, like the groaning waves,
Whipt with a spouting *Hirricano*, Ride posting on the neck of other,
To the deafned shore.
Rush in this narrow Concave of my Breast,
That there is room to lodge a thought of pleasure; Oh! No, no.
Sold. Madam, your future state depends not on that is past already,
Constantinople it self doth yet remain,
Although your friends, that in it liv'd
Are, by our conquering swords sent to declare our valour to the dead:
And if you will subscribe to my desires,
I'le be a means to invest you in that State
That you's acquire greater and nobler Friends.

Enter a Captain, as to them.

Lad. What hath the slaughtered Ghost of some dear friend
Survei'd your noble Actions in the town;
And in requital sent you here, to act a deed of worth,
And reap the prayers of a perplexed maid.
Cap. Oh Madam! How high will our victorious Prince
Judge of his Victory?
When with the great Imperial of the East
He hath a Jem that makes a foyl of Nature:
And what art thou that with thy misty breath
Damps this bright Sun?
Lad. Oh! noble Sir:
Did you but know the foul contagion he hath breath'd,
And how his Lungs hath wrought,
To increase the raging sea of my affliction,
No woman groan'd at your Nativity,
If that you be not glad at my deliverance.
Sold. The wages of my toyl, the cordial of my
Scattered bloud spilt in the Enterprize;
And would you thus be reave me?
Then never more shall this my sword
In field cut titles for the god of War:
When as my fainting spirits did require
A whiles repose within her quickning breast,
She did deny, and falsly rates me thus.
Cap. Villain, but that my spirits all
Are charm'd with noble pity to this maid;
And passion, stifl'd in remorse,
Lies swounding for a while:

I'de hack an Epitaph upon thy fleſh
That all might ſhun thee.
Lad. 'Tis ſtrange Revenge is acted upon me,
That I in courteſie muſt be conſtrain'd
To love my loathed Enemy.
Cap. Madam, Be pleaſed to walk, and ſee your ſelf deceiv'd.
Lad. I would I could. *Exeunt.*

Actus I. *Scena tertia.*

Enter Mahomet the Turk with Drum and Colours, as into Hadrianople: *Then enter* Citizens, *as to meet the Emperour.*

1 Welcome great Prince,
Me thinks thy reſtleſs bloud,
Like the diſheveld burning locks of *Phœbus*,
When he careers the circuit of the Heavens,
Darts forth ſuch Rayes of burning ſpirit
That crackles the world in aſtoniſhment.
Mah. Friends, Who's loſt a man in this ſucceſsful War,
Amongſt theſe pampered Broods; By our command
Let him take three for one;
Let their inſlaved lives pay ſatisfaction for our bloud.
All. All thanks to our deſerving Prince.
Mah. Great is the buſineſs that's in hand;
Therefore let's about it.
All. A gracious Prince.

Exeunt Mahomet, and the Baſhaws, & extunt omnes.

Actus ſecundi, Scena quarta.

Enter two Gentlemen, as at the Gates of Hadrainople.

1 Sir, Will you venture?
2 Is not the preſſure of this mighty wo
Enough to ſink my fainted ſpirits?
But by your mocks you'l add to it.
1 My high-born Lord,
Let all the *Tragick* Fancies in the world
Be true in me.
Let ſorrow ſink beeween my bone and marrow,
And may all tender ſouls mock my diſtreſs
If I ſo mean:
I wonder that your Lordſhip ſtaggers thus.
Lord. I know thou'rt honeſt.
How dull thou't ſeem to be,
To ſtrange that I do ſtagger?
I am ſure the Leaden Claſps of ſleep,
That do ſhut in the Golden Story,
Lock't not thy Pent-houſes
But that thou ſaw this huge ov'r-bearing ſtorm,
And yet do'ſt talk ſo ſtrange.

1. O Sir! When you ſhould make return of praiſes
To the gods for your deliverance;
Then to precipitate your ſelf in wilful danger:
When an affront of mercy,
And might, deduce the never ended plagues of Heaven,
In ſhowers on your head.

Lord. Ah Fool! Da'ſt ask if I will venture,
That nothing have to loſe,
Unleſs this ſpunk of life, ſleighted as much
As ſhe that hangs upon her ſatiated Lovers neck,
Who loathing would be gone.

Man. But, dear my Lord,
If that you ſpurn at mercy, And defie the gods,
They'l draw your loathed thread of life
To *Nectars* broach,
And add deſtruction every moment.

Lord. Away: Thou never readſt the maxiues of the Wiſe,
That things at their acquired height deſcend again:
And when at full perfection,
Do admit no increaſe.
Sound the unfathom'd Sea of my diſtreſs,
Meaſure the unbounded limits of my ſorrow,
My Native Soyl, my deareſt Countrey ſack't
Our great Imperial, whoſe reflex
Rival'd the Sun, and ſhone throughout the Earth,
Lies ſmother'd in her duſt;
And my deareſt Friends promiſcuouſly
Lie mangl'd in the forgetful heapes.
Now might I here prick down a period to my woes,
Me-thinks I cou'd ſuſtain.
But oh! oh!
I ſee a raging ſtream, a mighty floud
Out-bearing all its Banks,
Will quickly ſteep my patience to a ſop:
My Love, do'ſt think ſhe lives?
Fond, ſhe cannot die:
Her ſoule's in me, and mine in hers reciprocal:
So while I live, ſhe cannot die;
But I may die in her: but I'm alive,
Therefore ſhe is not dead.
Then I'le go ſeek her here.
The contaminous Bed of this grim Tyrant
Shall not detain her from me:
And, e're I'le go without her,
I'le leap deſtruction in the face,
And kiſs the Inſtrument of my deceaſe.

Man. My Lord, I have ſtaid your paſſion,
And now in reaſon would confer with you;
Strangers we are, and now in this new Conqueſt
Each eye labours for new diſcovery:
The Language we are ſtrangers in,
And pregnant Wits will ſift us to the bran;
Therefore amongſt theſe rural Hindes
That nothing underſtand, here in the Suburbs
Let us abide:
Until the pregnant time deliver up the truth.
Lord. Well, my great deſires I'le curb,
And go along with thee:
Thee alone ſurviveur of my friends. *Exeunt both*

Enter the Lady and Captain.

Cap. Madam, I have puzzel'd the Invention of Arithmetick,—
And find the ſum of your perfection
Too great for my receipt:
Therefore to them that better can eſteem your worth
I'le render you:
For me to accumulate ſo rich a Jem,
Were for to lame our Princes Victory,
And a diſloyal Fact:
So for your greater honour, and mine eſteem,
I will preſent you to him.
Lad. O Sir, You lame your Victory indeed,
And make a light eſteem of it,
In poyſing me with it.
Cap. Lady, 'tis true: the water in its quantity,
Is more then the refined ſpirits;
Yet that's made up in the ſurpaſſive quality of them.
So in my drunk-opinion it doth ſeem
The extracted purity of all the Eaſt,
Is centred in you.
And for to keep you from my Prince, were greater loſs
Then our received *Alcaron*,
The which I'le never do.
Lad. Sweet Sir, Will you proclaim your errour,
And make (of invalidity) your yet eſteem'd opinion,
And make my elſe unhappy ſelf hated by every one,
What can you think the Victor of the Eaſt
That ſits Competitor with *Phœbus* in his glory,
Will be ſo blinded, to dote upon his ſlave,
Where there is no allurement,
Vnleſs his Pallate out of reliſh,
Imbrace my ſalted lips for a recovery.
Recal your ſcattered judgment,
And loſe not your eſteem.

Cap.

Cap. Madam, I am not deſtitute of ſenſe; nor do I dream:
I'm ſure 'tis real that I ſee;
So if you'l go along with me,
I will preſent you honourably: if not,
I will declare the Cabin where the Jewel lies,
And let the Emperour pick't himſelf:
And ſo farewell.

Lad. Stay, patience but a while,
Give me but three days ſpace,
And I will ſtrive to ſtop theſe nigh exhauſted Fountains,
And recolle& ſome ſmiles, the better to adorn your preſentation.

Cap. So long I wait your leiſure, and wiſh you well adviſ'd:
So reſt you joyful. *Exit Cap.*

Lad. And you the like.

Manet Irene *Sola.*

When thrice the burning Carbunckle of Heaven
Hath hit upon the inſulting Waves,
And when he would hath thrice been
Mantel'd up in Black.
Muſt I? But oh diſloyal thought!
I am glad thou haſt met affection,
Whoſe *Loyal* Flame, hath to thy primitive
Non-being reduceſt thee.
If eſpouſed love, my Lord *Paleologus*,
Hath yet ſurviv'd the ruines of his Native Soyl,
And ſhould behold me prove inconſtant,
How would the ſacking of our brave city,
The death of all his Friends, renew themſelves
In a more Tragick Scene?
Oh! my Soul! that thou were here,
That which of us were ſtrongeſt, might ſupport
The others grief a little.
Well! I do find my exteriour Senſes all,
Have a diſcharge from their great covering ſoul,
For to ſuſpend their Faculties a while;
Therefore I'le hunt my reſt. *Exit.*

Enter Mahomet, and his Baſhaws, as in open Councel, about ſettlement of their new Conqueſts.

Mah. What think you, Lords,
If we transfer us to *Conſtantinople*?

All. If all things fitted were, we like it well.

Mah. Your counſel's good:
Beſides, our Conqueſt made more abſolute,
From her ſweet ſeated Turrets we may pry
Into the Affairs of *Europe*, and the bordering *Aſia*,
And ſit an Eye-ſore to the Chriſtian Foe:
I would it were diſpatcht.

1 My gracious Prince, the Leaden foot of *Time*
Muſt ſtamp ſome dayes upon your back
Ere this can be effected: ſome great Commander
With a power muſt here reſide,
To inaſh the preſſing creſt of this imperious brood;
And many thing, of great import
Are yet to be reſolv'd.

2 'Tis true; therefore, your Majeſty muſt court
Your patience yet a while.

Mah. To that ſame purpoſe came we here
To argue and determine:
But ſince you are all agreed, that it becomes our State to go,
We do adjourn the Court a while.
And, in the interim, conſider of our great Captains to be left behind.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Demoſthenes, *the Lord* Paedogus *his Attendant, as from the city, having been enquiring of the Captives, and the State.*

Dem. My Lord, the tempeſt's great, where none eſcapes the Rack,
The Battail's ſore, where none ſurvives to give report.
The great revenging hand of Fate
Hath not purſu'd your joyes unto the utmoſt;
Nor hath the flame of their great rage
Dried all the Fountains of your bliſs; One yet remains,
Whoſe cordial ſprings will cool, the imaging paſſions of your bloud,
The fair *Irene* lives.

Pæo. How! Hath the intoxing magick of her brow
Conjur'd the influence of her birth?
Hath the impreſſion of her purer ſpirit ſtatu'd the Fates?
That the ſtern ſword of great Revenge falls down in homage,
Fearing his Name unjuſtly threatning ſuch.

Dem. Do you intend to wing't, on your own breath to her?

Pæo. O that I could but fleet it in the Air a while inviſible:
I'de fly aloft above her head, until the neighbouring Air
Fil'd with the ſweet perfumes of her,
Like *Africk* Birds ſtifl'd me down.

Dem. My Lord, Aire's but a vapour;
And while you vapour an Addition,
The ſubſtance may evapourate.
The well compoſed Body of your Parliament muſt act
As well as the Lord Speaker; e're you be better.

Pæo. Act: O! I act Wonders. Nature, and Arts be ſtaires
To my deſign.

Dem. Oh Sir!
I dread the Hawking Eye,
Of this imperious Victor;
I doubt ſome of his fawning Spaniels
Will diſcover your rich Game.

Which once but raiſed, *I* tremble at the event.

Peo. What if he ſeiz'd her here below,
The ardent flames of our ſo chaſte deſire
Will molifie his horny talents ſo,
That he l ſurrend his ſeizen.
And if he ſore the Clouds with her
I'le make a Daggers point ſpur to my ſoul
To poſt to him.

Dem. Let us prevent all this,
And in the Sun-ſhine make our hay:

Peo. Come, make haſt, I'le be ruld by thee:

Dem. Then we, diſguiſed as we are,
Will venter through theſe Gates.
I know her Lodging well;
I, as *I* am, will go your ſervant;
And you, for an eſcaped Brother of hers:
And then when you are each inform'd of others ſtate,
We will conſult what beſt is to be done.

Peo. Come in haſte.

Dem. But I beſeech you call home
Your baniſht Reaſon, in this ſame tickle point.

Peo. I will, let's go. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Captain to the Lady Irene,

Cap. Madam,
I hope your wayward thoughts are all remov'd,
And your own inclination, courts you now.

Lady. Tis true Sir: my thoughts are not the ſame;
For every minute thoughts do change,
And for my inclination, 'tis too baſhful for to court me.

Cap. Madam, Weighty Affairs are in tranſaction,
'Tis not a time to complement:
But briefly to declare; Will you, or will you not?

Enter the Lord Prologus, *and* Dæmoſthenes *to them.*
Irene ſwounds at the approach: he embraces her.

Peo. My deareſt ſiſter,
Had I but dreamt this unexpected joy,
Would have ſurpriz'd thee thus,
I had rather choſe confinement for the day
Then thou'ſt beheld me.

She revives.

He liſts her up.

Ariſe, Sweet-heart, let us rejoyce we met.

Dæm. Brother *Tim*: Brother *Tim.* *Aſide.*

Irene. My deareſt Brother,

How

How doth the cordial Rayes of thy fraternal love
Restore my yielding spirits?
Dam. Sweet Sir, this is the effect of Natures consanguinity,
Make them mistake themselves;
So I presume a Suppliant for them,
That you'l a while withdraw:
That they more freely may converse
Of their great Parents, and their Kindred gone.
Cap. Sir, Great's the respect I always bear
To spirits so nobly qualified:
Therefore, for me, enjoy thy place,
And freedome at their pleasure.
Dam. My Lord,
This worthy Gentleman is well content,
That you more private should discourse your miseries.
Pæ. We thank you Sir;
And most of this our private conference
Shall be to study a requital,
For your high respects.
Irene. The freeness of your favours, Sir,
Makes me a sturdy Beggar,
To beg the obliegement of this day:
And if you will, before the Mountain tops
Be beon'd with the Sun,
Shew to the Nighted Vails
The days approach,
I'le smile on your desires.
Cap. That's laugh at my delay;
But this one night I'le dream away,
And then behold the final issue
In time to be more wise. *Aside.*
Madam, the reciprocal regret
I have of all your woes command me:
And so in expectation take my leave, *Exit.*
Pæ. What hath thy near exhausted Darts of beauty
Slain the revengeful ire of all grim foes, that did approach thee.
Were all the bloody and revengful spirits on earth,
In general randevouz'd, there is such irresisted beauty,
Such noble charms of pity in thy look: if shown,
They'd all asthame disperse like heartless Hindes.
Irene. My noble, and most constant Lord,
I love you more, then I can tell you so:
Nor will I vent Encomiums of your praise,
It were to lame your worth:
For your heroick Actions
Will themselves ingrave perpetual Epitaphs unto your praise:
Let us not stand and muse the fruits the enjoyment brings.

But act and ſtir to bring the enjoyment,
The ſtate of which is deſperate.

Dem. Fair, and diſcreet, pull down that Cypreſs Vail,
And make an Artificial Night:
For madd-men ſooneſt recollect in darkneſs.

Pæo. If I am mad, and pulling down that vail, make night,
O that I might within that ſhade, Her Arms the chains,
Lie Bedlam'd up for ever.
Prethee *Demoſthenes* act for me now, and when I have injoyd her,
I ſhall be capable to thank thee.

Dem. Well then: to morrow ſhe muſt give her full reſolve;
And as for me, I think it meet, ſhe ſhould moſt chearfully
Preſent her ſelf unto the Emperour,
In all obedience to his will, let her prolong his enjoyment
Of her, ſo long as poſſibly ſhe can. Mean time, you and I
Will wander into *Hungary*: I know you'l find acceptance
Correſpondent to your port; becauſe you are like Enemies
Unto the common foe. Nor do I doubt but your indowments
Will accumulate a maſs of friends.
Then in prefixed time, with a ſtrong guard in *Turkiſh* habit,
You may ſo nigh, as poſſibly you can, approach this City,
Where ſhe, in her diſportive liberty, taking the Air
At the appointed place may be ſurpriz'd; and carried ſucceſsfully:
All which I wiſh perform'd.

Pæo. O would it prove ſo!
I wou'd joyfully take farewel of that lip,
And fancy, that mine own retain'd a remnant
Till *I* ſaw her.

Ire. Honeſt *Demoſthenes*,
Thou haſt declared the likelieſt way:
But oh! 'tis ſtraight and rugged
For me poor weak diſtreſſed Wretch
To wander in the abſence of my Sun:
Thou, thou, my deareſt Lord,
O ſad! Alas to think! What odious
And deteſted company, muſt I be forc't confer with
When you are gone?
How ſhall I reel 'twixt hope and fear?
And ſtagger on the Rocks of Deſpair,
Benighted in calamity and woe.
But longeſt nights e're now have had their days,
And I in patience will expect the Sun of my proſperity.

Pæo. Oh! Oh!
Deſpair prevails; my Infant-hopes lie dying:
My ſoul of joy, 'tis like to be a tedious night
Before thy Rayes of Beauty, reflex't by me,
Shine forth a morning joy.

Dem.

Dem. Sweet Paire,
The ſharpeſt Drugs are of the healthieſt operation:
Oft from a cloudy morn,
Enſues a glorious day: Your grief *I* hope is at the height:
And, in enjoyment, will afford a pleaſant *Theame*
For your Diſcourſe.
See, ſee, the reſtleſs Steeds of *Phœbus* bright,
Hath quencht their burning thirſt in the great Ocean,
And freſhly rowes for this days taſk,
Telling all ſtoln contents, it's time to part.
Ire. Like as ſome beauty, through a mourning Vail,
So ſeems the Sun muffl'd in yonder Clouds:
My thinks ſhe onely ſeems a *Torch*
Prepar'd to attend the Funerals of ſome mighty man.
Peo. Thou more contemned Light,
Than is the Dead-mans *Torch*,
Within the ſecret Monument! The Sun ſhines forth,
Which onely lights friends to their laſt farewell:
I would ſome new born *Phaeton* had whipt thee from the Skie
Down to the reſtleſs Ocean,
That thy diffuſed Rayes might there have been extinguiſht:
Then might *I* here the Prince of pleaſure raing'd,
Unenvied 'cauſe unſeen of the malitious world.
Irene. See poor *Demoſthenes* *Demoſthenes with a dejected countenance ſtands by.*
The alone partaker of our griefs,
Surpriz'd with equal paſſion,
Like us in a *Lethargick Muſe*, forgets the time.
Peo. Come, come, our fiery paſſions are too great
To ſuffer cold Diſtempers thus to ſtupifie.
Dem. Bleſt be that Reformation,
And collected manhood: take leave in heart,
'Tis farr ſpent day.
Peo. Me-thinks the purity of the great Globe
Of Heaven and Earth *He embraces her.*
Is circumvented all within mine arms:
Can *I* from thee, thou Univerſal Spirit be baniſht?
No, the pure refin'd *Imaginations* of my Spirits,
Will ſtill be active, in creating thee anew. *He kiſſes her.*
Oh! the raviſht pleaſure of this Kiſs
Makes me deſpair, the enjoyment is ſo full, my bliſs is at the height:
My Soul farewell.
Dem. Lady, give me a farewel of your hand, *Kiſſes her hand.*
And Heavens ſmile on thee.
Iren. Farewel my Love; farewel my honeſt friend;
Good Fates proſper your ſpeed.

Exit Peo. *and* Dem.

Manet:

Manet Irene : *A SONG.*

Farewel delight, pleasures adieu,
He's gone, by whom you to me did accrew :
Go where you'r welcome, and may be
Enjoy'd your course, as you have been by me :
And when you have wheeled the world about
Returning chance, I have found Lovers out.
Till then I'le mourn, and mourning sing
Though I be lov'd, and courted of a King.

Come in : *Enter one knocking, a Messenger.*

Mes. Save you Madam :
A noble Captain, desirous to accomplish our great triumph,
Hath blaz'd your beauty to the Emperour,
Who doth by me his messenger, invite your presence :
And for this purpose, I, with a noble Guard,
Such as become your State attend you.

Irene. Sir, He takes my beauty at a disadvantage ;
For, with some friends, h'as past the time till late last night,
And am not yet accomplish to see his Majesty.

Mes. Really Lady, We have command not empty to return.

Irene. I must, and will obey his Highness commands.
Exit with them.

Enter Mahomet, *and the Captains, in private conference.*

Mah. Where had this perfection,
Who not enjoy'd, lames our great Conquest.

Cap. Dread Sovereign,
I sav'd her from the Embraces of a common slave,
That would have wrested her to his desire :
And prizing her, I found her onely fit for your great self;
And I in duty and obedience, have told your Majesty of her.

Mah. Thou shalt not lose by't, how ere it hap.
Enter knocking : *Enter Messenger with* Irene.

Irene. Great Emperour : *She prostrates her self.*
Your Vassal humbly prostrate,
Waits your Highness pleasure.

Mah. Lady, Great,
Your perfections are too heavenly,
And ill befit to grovel upon Earth :
Be pleased to rise. *Reaches his hand to her.*

Irene. How ere it is my duty, your Greatness
Doth command me.

Mah. 'Tis strange the fatal breath of our great Guns,
Together with the smother'd Air
Of your down tumbling Fabricks,
Should have conceal'd this beauty ;
Which if the mighty Globe should crush together
Contains such sacred Rayes, would dart into another world.

Irene.

Irene. Most mighty Sir:
The best of my deservings
Have near attain'd the honour of your presence:
What shall I think of this your praise?
It is your Highness pleasure,
With these Hyperbolies to whet your Eloquence on me,
A poor unworthy subject.

Mah. Madam,
The great distrust you have on me, I value nor,
For 'tis a Maxime wise,
To try before you trust:
But the debasing of your self
'Tis petty Blasphemy, and grieves me much:
For know, the pleasures of Court,
With all the best of us you shall command.

Mes. The Bashaw of *Natolia* *Enter Mes.*
Attends your Majesty.

Mah. Well! What's his great heart?
But go, I am at leisure. *Exit.*
Madam, Your look's so full an Academy,
Where the sweet Discipline, so quaintly is abridg'd;
That in this little gap of time, I flatter
Me a true Proficient.
Me-thinks my unbridled Nature,
Is so sweetly calm'd.
That I could cringe, and bow before a beauty,
And call a moderate blush into this countenance
Which heretofore sparkl'd destruction,
And pursue my Lips into a chirping smile. *To a Gentleman.*
Which heretofore mov'd onely in the accents
Of command, and death. *Go hence, prepare fit entertainment*
Under correction, my beloved, *Kisses her.* *for this fair one; see that two of the*
I'le exercise before we part. *best and truest Eunuchs attend her pleasure.*

Irene. Your Vassal is rejoyc'd in her obedience.
Exit Irene.

Mah. I find change.
This touch yields greater pleasure
Then if my brows were circumvented
With the Imperial Crown of all the Earth:
Welcome *Natolia.*

Enter Natolia.

Nato. Great Sir:
Me-thinks you have forgot *Constantinople.*

Mah. Hum: Thou'rt almost turn'd a Prophet:
Why well may I forget that great Imperial now
When that her Crown lies here.
I am sure *Hadrianople* now
Contains the imperial Mistress of the World:
But quick, assemble our great Councel all,
I will converse of it a while.
Nat. They'r, in a moment, as one man
Prepar'd, to attend your Excellence:
I will go hasten your commands. *Exit Natolia.*

Maho: Solus.

My mighty Name, and wandring Spirit
Which heretofore, scorn'd confinement
Within the Lists of the wide World;
Are by this Sovereing beauty, now so captivate,
That they would wish restraint
Within the narrow Concave of her Breast for ever:
And could I, but unrival'd, in her Affections
Reign Lord Paramont, in freedom void of danger:
I'de throw my inferiour Conquests from my hands,
And spurn this gilt-temptation, from my brow,
The Beggarly Rewarder of my emptied Veins:
I'm call'd to Councel,
What make I there? A Statue to fill up a place;
For here remains, my Life, my Soul, and Spirits all,
Ti'd fast in Golden Manacles;
Whose charming bondage is so sweet,
That were I sure, that *Sirene*-like
'Twould bring me to destruction,
I'de not relinquisht:
I'le send for her; and from her Lips
Partake so much refreshment:
So, cordelize my Spirits, till *I* return:
So ho, there;
Go court *Irene*; here in heart. *When the Emperour calls,*
Mes. I shall, great Sir. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Mes. Dread Sir, the Royal Court attends you.
Mah. Are they so soon in full Assembly? *Enter a Messenger.*
Mes. Full half an hour ago, Great Sir:
Mah. Withdraw: *Enter Irene.*
Great places have a Court of trouble,
I must forsake my happiness a while,
I sent to take my leave of you.
Before the Leaden foot of *Time*
Hath pres't two Glasses forth, *I* will return,
And here expect you.
Ire. *I* will attend your Greatness. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the great Bashaws in Court.

1 I wonder of our forward Prince.

2 He was not wont to do so:
Was there a messenger dispatcht?

3 Yes: and return'd, and sayes he's coming.

Nat. I, but that forward man of War
Is stopt with the strong Charms of an alluring *Remora*:
But soft, he's here. *Enter Mahomet.*

Mah. My trusty Lords, I have layter'd my ingagement,
And I'm sorry that your expectations will prove fruitless at this time
Through present indisposedness, of my infirmity,
I onely came for to excuse my self,
And to adjourn it till another time,
And till our further order, in your own time, dismiss:
So fare you well. *Exit* Mahomet.

All. Prosperity attend your Majesty. *Manent Bashawi.*

1 A *Remora* in Land *Natolia*, 'tis strange
And yet 'tis probable; for the effect is monstrous.

3 Is't possible the Darts of that blind Boy
That woundeth none, but downy breasted Girles,
And you'r his Muliers, hath pierc't his steely Spirit.

Nat. I am afraid since the reverberating Harness was hung by,
The weaker Instruments have made impression.

2 Then we are like to have a crew of mongrel Warriours quickly:

Nat. Let us depart, to pray for Reformation. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mahomet, *return'd; as to* Irene.

Mah. Absent, till you are call'd. *To the Attendants.*
Madam, Am I not now a full accomplisht Courtier,
That can keep tick with time.

Irene. And have been, since your riper years
Brusht ch Idishness away, I do believe, great Sir,

Mah. No, fair one,
I was rude as the unbridled Camp,
Stern as the pale Revenge,
Fierce as the god of War:
My Spirits all were lin'd in proof
Impenitrable to remorse.
Witness the ruful Ruines
Of your stately town;
Which destin'd to its fatal period,
Had not the Wit for to present you.

For had the piercing Eloquence of your bright look approacht
My martial ſenſes all, as they do:
Effeminated would have ſunk
Below the dreadful Steel;
I ſhould have crept for a revival
In the Lap of *Venus*.

Irene. Oh Sir! Had my great Kindred liv'd,
My ſtate and fortunes ſtood upright,
Which by the Iron hand of War
Is ſhrunk to nothing, I might in ſome ſort be deſerving.

Mah. Why doeſt repent, that cannot be recal'd,
Thy ſlaughtered Kindred? thou rather ſhould'ſt rejoyce;
For in Exchange the Power of *Turky* lies at thy command,
And in the view of thy conſumed fortune
The Riches of my Realm, I do eſtate on thee:
And hence do court, that thou'lt embrace the
Affections of a King;
And guild our *Turky* with ſo fair a Queen.

Irene. This is an indigeſted Paſſion (in your Greatneſs)
Which ſeen in its own flattering glaſs
Delights a little;
But lookt on with the piercing Eye of Reaſon
Proves odiouſly inform'd:
Then loath'd Hate ſucceeds, and I with the indelible *Characters*
Of neer expired infamy,
With wonder hiſſ'ar, through the World.

Mah. Sweet Soul:
It's thy Charms that hath ſurpriz'd me,
I dwelt inſeparably in thine Arms,
And not give time to Reaſon to conſult with me.
Sweetheart, prepare to yield, and I'le go frame Petitions.

Irene, Do, good my Lord, and recollect your ſelf,
While, for your good, I am obſtinate.

Exeunt at ſeveral doors.

Enter three Baſhaws.

1 I wonder what delight
Our Emperour hath found out, that he contemns the Eſtabliſhment
Of his mighty Conqueſt.

2 'Tis certain, that ſame *Remora*
That great *Natolia* ſpoke of.

1 And do you think that he's ſurpriz'd with the ſoft *Charms*
Of an effeminating Love?

3 Why not?
Temptation eaſily gains on idleneſs
The nimble courſer whiles ſhe ſweeps
The Breſom of the yielding Air, rides ſafe;
But while recourſe, ſhe ſits pruning on a bow,
Death, from the deadly Level of a Gun, arreſts her.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis true, While death and deep destruction
Were his Objects,
He look't unto his safety:
But the sweet Lullabies of an alluring Peace
Hath epileps't his active Spirits,
And kee s him cradl'd in Security.
3 O that some Enterprise would wait our great Designs,
That with a fearful Larum he might be awak't,
And scar'd to fall asleep again.
1 O but 'tis dangerous nibling with the couchant Lion.
2 But soft, I hope I have prophesied: *A Post passes by*
See there a Post in haste. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mahomet *to a Gentleman.*

Mah. Stay, I see News:
Go you, excuse my promise to my Love.
Gent. 'Tis my best honour, to discharge
Your Majesties Commands.
Mah. What means the bloud *Exit Gent.*
To post so from thy face?
As if it rid some deadly *Enter Messenger.*
Message to heart.
Mes. It signifies my deadly Errand:
For know that your neglected Bands
Are a prepared Banquet
For the Birds of prey,
And with their mangled Corps
Manure the *Hungarian* fields:
Who, proud in tryumph,
Have made a Bone fire of your Borders.
Mah. Well! I'le go raise a storm
Shall drive the flame back on their faces.
Away, command *Natolia* hither:
Go you, bring my sweet *Greek*: *To a Gent.*
What doth the *Hungarian* Power *Exit.*
Consist of? *To another.*
Mes. I judge they'r 20000. *Exit.*
With an accomplisht Leader.
Mah. Fy: they'l be a point so small,
As will not be discern'd by my great Power.
They are too few to satisfie my great Revenge.
Mes. Great Sir: You'r pleas'd to talk of points,
And they'r a sharp one. *Enter Irene.*
Mah. Withdraw Sir, till you'r call'd. *withdraws.*
Come, come, my Soul, I'le tell thee what;
Although there is some fatal Meteor-dropt from the Skie,
That sets great Spirits on burning;
Yet such is the sweet fruits of calm Peace, lent me by thee,

That were there now a ſhoak,
Wherein the ſtate of all the world contended:
And would my preſence dart captivity to all,
I'de not ſuſpend the greater Conqueſt of thy love
For half an hour.

Irene. Oh that your Paſſion ſhould transform your Reaſon thus,
To dote on me your captive ſlave;
Who's very Bonds were Honour unto me.

Mah. Have pity Lady, I am conquer'd,
Shout forth no more denials;
For while you do my thoughts in pleaſing doubt,
Make me forget my ſelf?

Irene. Well! I will leave you now to better company.

Mah. But not ſo much deſir'd, *Natolia*; *Exit* Irene.
The Body of our Peace, *Enter* Natolia.
By the *Hungarians*, hath receiv'd a wound,
And here hard by the fatal Poſt. Call him here.

Nat. What are the forces in *Hungary* loſt? *Enter Poſt.*

Meſ. They are not onely loſt, but the inſulting Foe
Triumphs o're all the Borders.

Nat. Great Sir,
This Wound neglected
Feſters to your mighty danger.

Mah. I know 'tis not ſo great that we ſhould fear;
Nor is't ſo ſmall, as for to be neglected:
Therefore, forthwith, ſee that our Councel be aſſembled.

Nat. I'le cauſe them wait your pleaſure. *Exit* Natolia, *and the Emperour.*

Enter Irene, *and an Eunuch.*

Irene. My truſty Servitour,
'Tis not ſo much your vowed Order,
Nor the inherent quality of faithfulneſs
Unto your Queens;
But 'tis the honeſty and truth which I diſcover
In every action of thee,
Which brings me for to diſcover
The greateſt ſecret of my Soul unto thee.

Eun. Madam, if ought lie in the compaſs of my poor power
For to redreſs, it's done at your command;
And if it do not,
It's lie promiſcuouſly, as in the Grave,
Infolded from the world for ever.

Irene. I have ſo full a confidence in thee,
I will not ſeek an Oath to tie thee to't.
Know then, my truſty friend,
I have a noble Lover

Whoſe

Whoſe conſtant heart, with mine, reciprocal is plac't:
He Pilgrims now in the *Hungarian* Court,
Begging aſſiſtance of ſome Martial Spirits,
In ſtealth with him, to approach theſe walls;
Where I at his appointment,
Under the colour of my private Recreation, in the aire,
At his appointed hour, and place, was for to meet him,
And be convey'd from hence:
He thought your Emperour, as himſelf,
Would amorouſly have 'tane delay:
But oh! my woe, 'tis otherwiſe:
For where Petitions faintly do retire
The greatneſs of his Power makes way:
Therefore, my honeſt friend, go find
My Lord *Paulogus* by name.
Declare my ſtate, which thou right well do'ſt know
The time will not permit me write.
Take this, and in Poſt-haſte depart. *Gives him a Purſe.*
Eu. Now by the mighty Prophet *Mahomet*,
The hairy Scalpe of my dead Father,
And by the Emperours Sword,
I'le act with all my Power, and ſtraight about it:
Farewel, good fortune be thy ſpeed. *Exit Eunuch.*
Irene. Alas poor harmleſs Maid,
The period of thy hopes rely *Manet* Irene.
On the ſucceſsful Journey of a Nobleman:
But ſoft, here comes the interrupter of my joy.
Mah. What is Perfection retir'd into Hereſie, *Enter Mah.*
And leaves the World quite deſtitute:
My Soul, let me partake.
Irene. Moſt Royal Sir,
The beſt of my Endeavours
Are homage due to you.
Mah. Tell me, what means thy unmannerly intruſion.
Meſ. Pardon Sir,
Your mighty Councel waits your pleaſure: *Enter a Meſ.*
Still theſe harſh News do mingle with my pleaſures: *Aſide.*
Farewel Heart.

Exeunt both.

Enter the Baſhaws, as in Councel.

1 What do you think, that drunk with bloud,
They deſperately reel on us.

2 My

2 My life for't, they'r ſo fleſht;
They'l pay their Nature's Tribute, but feed on us.
3 Soft: here comes the whining Captive.
Nat. Alas! I fear the conſequence of theſe bold words. *Aſide*

Enter Mahomet, *and takes his Seat of State.*

Mah. What think you Lords of this ſame Seat?
Who's bent to go a Chirurgion for't?
All. Your Self's the great Phyſitian.
Mah. Away: it ſcarce requires the help of an Apothecary,
And tell you me of it?
All. But our great Lord:
Your preſence will give quicker remedy,
And ſatisfie your great Revenge the more.
Mah. Fie, faint Scars, and inconſiderate reply:
Do you not know the petty Conqueſt of their Nation
Would not acquit the charges of my Train,
Should I go forth?
Away, forth go you:
Prepare ſufficient ſtrength; *To a Baſhaw.*
And let this tinckling News no more trouble my calmed Spirits:
Go all of you, aſſiſt in ſpeedy levying of a Power:
Farewell. *Exit Mahomet with his Guard,*
1 Fie, fie, *Manent Baſhaws.*
That the luſtful flames of a laſcivious Wench,
Should burn the great remembrance of himſelf to chaff,
Which now is made the ſport
Of every vulgar breath. *Soldiers without,* 'Tis true.
2 And muſt his awful Harniſh hang contemptible in ruſt:
And muſt that bloud that hung ov'r Chriſtendom,
Like a Malignant Meteor,
In cankered duſt, be food to mothes;
It muſt not be: *Sold.* Nor ſhall not be.
3 What doth deject *Natolia* ſo?
Nat. That which *I* would, but cannot remedy.
2 Let us conjoyn in one, and help our ſelves.
Nat. Well! 'tis of too great concernment to be ruſht into.
All. I will go wade,
Nat. And ſo will we. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mahomet *to* Irene.

Mah. Come, come, thou Center of my Peace,
Even now while reſtleſs Spirits roam the World,
Seeking the nobleſt bloud,
To ingrave their Characters of fame.
And while the nimble Poſts, whip on each other,
With tidings of my danger:
While in thy boſome laid, I joy in peace,
And peacefully enjoy, the fulneſs of delight:
Which might I but unrival'd ſtill enjoy,

I freely wish this mighty Ball, subverted were to its Original:
But speak, my Soul, can'st thou affect?
Irene. O mighty Sir, to admiration!
Mah. Nay, rather to fruition,
Which if thou canst, no longer linger our delights,
Here is a pious Mufty, which for the purpose I have brought
To joyn our hands as well as hearts: *Enter a Mustie.*
And so infamy of stoln contents, may turn to honourable enjoyment.
Irene. Oh mighty Sir! since you are serious,
I do beseech you give a precedent of yielding,
By granting me but one Weeks respite,
To beg from our great Deity concurrence to your Yoak:
From under which, till Death, there's no redemption;
And then my untainted fruits,
With all the best of me reap at your pleasure.
Muf. Great Emperour,
This her Petition, in honour, cannot be deny'd,
Mah. Nor any: Even my life lies at her mercy:
I'le go, invoke the Sun to haste,
And check the minutes of their slowness. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Natolia *Solus.*---

Oh! How the Bark of Greatness rides on a rotten Cable,
Subject to every flaw of malice,
And impetuous Billow of Rebellion;
Our mighty Prince, but now,
Rid on the neck of an imperial Conquest:
But oh! one fatal change: he's pul'd from thence
By the seducing Charms of whining love;
And, in a probability, of reducement into nothing,
To have his awful Majesty flouted by common slaves.
I wonder that the wheeling Orbs amaz'd
Stopt not their course at this change,
And all the World stand husht in admiration.
Poor, and infatuated Prince:
We told thee, this would rowz thy infatuated spirits,
And who could stand the fierce return of them;
And yet me-thinks, ha's made good use of life
That uses it for to reclaim thee:
Stand loyal heart: *Enter three Bashaws to him.*
Welcome Lords,
1 What solitary Muse possesses thee *Natolia*?
What hast thou plotted a deliverance?
2 I rather think he is reciprocal,
And sleeps with drowsie state.
Nat. I have not slept, nor was my fancy idle,
I have been ruminating this design,
And horrour seizes all my spirits to dream on the attempt.

2 *Natolia*, 'tis no disloyalty:
He ha's thrown down his awful Soveraignty,
And dozes to be a Subject.
Nat. What will you drive at?
3 Let go the R ines to the unbridled Souldiers,
Who utterly disdain a Queenly Monarchy;
And if he will not be reclaim'd, divide the Crown amongst us.
Nat. My very good Lords, and noble Friends,
I know there's none of you, but would embrace his death
Before the name of murderous Traytor;
Which, by this horrid act, will soon grain it self on you and your Posterity.
That should your brackish Cisterns tumble forth Oceans,
It would not wash it off.
There's many ways to be attempted, before we do deflour our Maiden Nation;
With the unmatched stain of Kill-Kings:
And blessed be the Fates, *I* hope there's one.
1 I'le know his Errand: *Behold a Post.*
Sweet Sir, will your great haste permit you stay, *Enter a Mes'in Post.*
To tell us what's your haste.
Mes. My Journey's at an end, since great *Natolia's* there;
For he, as well as I, may tell the Emperour, that his new Conquests stagger:
And that the *Peloponesian* Lords, in general Randevouz, with a great Force,
March to indanger his new Conquests.
Nat. Post on, declare it to him. *Exit Mes.*
2 This is the utmost period of our expectation,
He'l now awake, or he's quite dead unto himself:
He certainly abhors the Rebellious *Greeks* so much
That he'l disdain this Saint-like Charm for it.
3 No: I do rather fear her witching tears will cause remorse,
And they shall have mercy for her sake:
But loe some News! *Enter a Messenger.*
Mes. My Lord *Natolia*, the Emperour, in haste, requires your presence:
Farewel, my Lord. *Exit* Nato.
1 Even there's the opportunity we wish for: *Manent three Bashaws.*
Behold the Captain of the Janisaries, and many Companies with them.
2 I'le speak to them. *Enter the Janisaries, as with Drums*
Welcome great Captain, *and Colours marching.*
Where tends your march?
Cap. No march: 'tis not an Age to talk so rusly,
We'l walk unto the Palace:
There to hang up our useless Weapons,
And then return to play.
3 Away, you'r part of it.
You have not heard the News, the stubborn *Greeks*,
Our command of the *Peloponesian* Lord,
With mighty Force regain our Conquests.
All. O then for certain, she a *Grecian* Goddess,
Invoaked by their prayers, for to descend in Charms, upon our Emperors spirits
Come

Come, let us go, and pluck her from his Arms,
And burn her unto ashes; and strew her in the Air
For the enjoyment of the Bawdy Wind.

2 Nay first behold the effect of this same News upon him.

Cap. Let it be so; and for this time let us return. *Exeunt Capt. and*

Nat. Well! forthwith we must assemble. *Janisaries, Manent Bashaws.*

3 But had you seen what an Assembly here was now, *Enter* Nat. *to them.*

The *Janisaries*, all in mutinous Arms, going unto the Palace

For fury, we have stopt for present. *Enter* Natolia *to them.*

Nat. Well! these Tumults will awake him:

And till I see you, farewel. *Exeunt omnes at several doors.*

Enter Mahomet *to* Irene.

Mah. Harsh News, my Love:
Your unbridled Colts of *Greece*, not brooking yoak,
Act to disquiet my tranquillity and peace,
And lame the greatness of my dear Enjoyments of thee.
But it shall not be so; thou'st go with me unto the *Grecian* Empire,
And there be crown'd the Empress of thy Native Soil.

Irene. No: my dear Lord:
I'le be no Warriour: the iron-side of stern-look't Warriours
Are frightful Objects to my tender sight:
Oh now I hope the horrour of my night is past. *Aside.*

Mah. Thou'st not be troubl'd with them,
The effeminated Court shall wait on thee.

Irene. But, great my Lord,
If I am found in favour in your sight,
Do not revive my (wounded grief,
Nor bring the horrid Object
Of my demolisht Countrey in my sight;
For if you do, I am so much Mother,
That you will find your Nuptials
But a patient Funeral:
For these my Eyes, that else would sparkle invitation
Will all be blubber'd up in tears;
And these my silk Embraces
Incenter Melancholy: So that you'l find me
Little to surpass the breathless Corps
That lie in the cold Jaws of Death.

Mah. The weighty Reasons of so great a Friend
Cannot be gain-said.

Irene. Oh! Happy now, *Aside.*
Thanks, great my Lord,
You know I am still at your desires
When you return.
Thou'lt hardly be so, soon;
For e're the silent time slit by two hours,
I'le be with thee.

I have subdu'd the noble parts of your great Realm,
And now will with my Agents top the extremest parts. *Exit.*

Manet Irene *solus.*

Now let disloyal mutiny force him from hence,
Or sad destruction's like to fall on me, poor hopeless Girl;
That have no other Cordial now, but what proceeds from the relentless world:
Oh their inconstant breath must sentence forth my weal or woe:
I'le send to see which turns my Scale;
Go haste, and see the issue of the Court: *Enter an Eunuch.*
Return with speed. *Exit Eunuch.*
Oh how my poor tir'd Soul, flits on the angry surface of Calamity;
And how the restless Waves of my continued grief works in suspense,
'Gainst my poor floating Bark.
I wonder that my Eunuch stayes so long.
Welcome the issue of the business. *Enter the Eunuch.*
Now Dear prepare your self to take your last farewel of joy. *Aside.*
Eun. The issue holds you forth a glorious Bride.
Irene. And art thou sure he's full determin'd for to stay.
Eun. Yes certainly, and in that full resolve
He hath dismist the grumbling Court, and straight he will be here.
My Lord, my Loyal Lord, *Exit Eun.*
My dear *Peologus*, did'st thou but know the extent that I am in,
That wing'd from *Hungary*, but sad, my now despairing thoughts;
Like my grim Fates, perswade me to my last farewel:
My huge coagulated griefs are far too great
For one days task: for if to morrow
By that the Lamp of Heaven, descend the certain Horizen
If thou, thou Sun of my delight appear not.
I'le croud my self in the dark yauning grave,
And mourn in quiet:
So now Death in his horrid shape appears.
Mah. Come, come, my Love, *Enter the Emperour.*
The flame of my desire
Hath scatter'd into air these interweaving Clouds.
Irene. Even so *I* do behold my self;
Mah. Come, let us talk of our approaching delight.
And so deceive the time.
Irene. Not so my Lord, for they'r so sweet,
That time would, ravisht, stop to hear them.
Mah. Still contrary:
Well! You serve to gloss the enjoyment. *Enter a Mes.*
What newes?
Mes. Great Sir, *Natolia* courts an entrance here without.
Mah. *Natolia* may command it; go haste him in:
I wonder what his pregnant Wit doth labour of. *Exit Mes.*
Irene. Well! I'le withdraw my Lord. *Exit* Irene.
Mah. Command thy liberty.

Come

Come on *Natalis*. *Enter* Nato.
Me-thinks thou swels with some great tidings.
Nato. My mighty Lord, *He falls down.*
I am fall'n for your Rise,
Had I disloyally affected renovation,
I might have pearkt the Pinacle of Rule,
And spurn'd you in forgotten dust:
I need not desperately have riff'd the Lion of his prey,
But slightly couchant, have surpriz'd him:
Pardon my boldness, my passions high
Rains me at pleasure:
Where's that great Spirit, that aw'd the Fates
And cow'd the world?
What is it shrunk in fear,
To hide it self within a Ladies Lap?
Or do you think that the mistaken world
Will attribute this Imperial Conquest unto you?
Who, in your greatest might,
Could not withstand a whining fit of love:
Your new acquired name,
In after-ages shall be raz'd
From dreadful Chronicles,
And registred in frothy birth of working brains:
And your great Deeds shall be a Winters tale
For downy Boyes, and puny Wenches:
O mighty Prince! I dread the event of this same Lethargie;
For while your charmed senses
Snort in security,
Your active and great Commanders
Plot dreadful actions.
If this that's spoke be kindly taken, 'tis enough:
If not, too much.
Mab. Unreverend Villain!
Thou hast sufficiently beg'd death,
I could afford to make thee feel I sleep not,
But ancient Love pleads some respect;
Therefore I'le favour thee with Banishment;
From henceforth see my face no more.
Go instantly, Depart the Limits of my Power;
For if thou do'st but stay to bid farewel unto thy friends;
For this neglect, of my command, thou dyest.
Nat. Great Sir, Let me but stay a day
To pack some things for my relief abroad.
Mab. No: they may come after you.
Nat. Then gracious Prince farewel;
I still will wish your Reformation.

Enter the Janizaries, in mutiny towards the Palace. *Exit Natolia and the Emperour.*

Enter to them two Bashaws.

All. Great Lords, we need no longer groan in expectation,
We see the dire Resolve:
The froward fancies of a woman must enslave us:
By the great Mahomet, we will not suffer it:
He's give her up a Sacrifice for our Revenge;
Or we will force her from him.

2. Are your Resolves no fouler?

All. By the hairy scalp of our great Fathers
We wish his standing;
And onely hint, to pull this Witching Charm
From his renowned Bosome. *Enter a Gentleman to them.*

Gent. A very lamentable ——
Surpriz'd my sight as I came here,
That mighty man of war *Natolia*,
Driv'd by the gusts of his own sighs,
Sail'd in the brackish Sea of's own Creation from *Turky*.

1. From *Turkie* declare the enigma.

Gent. Banish't, I mean.

All. The great *Natolia* banish't?
Go Sir, we beg, *To an Officer.*
And tell the Emperour, that we in arms
Attend his presence at the Palace Gates,
And needs must see him.
Declare the manner, Sir: *Exit a Gent.*
For what!

Gent. The zeal of Loyal Love
Emboldened him, to tell the Emperour of his state:
But the bewitching flames of Lust
Burned all his weighty Reasons into chalk,
Which with his Self must, banisht, roam the World.

All. Fie on't, there's not a head in *Turkie*
Fixt so sure, which reels not with a sigh
Of this same idle Whore:
Come, let us antidote this poyson,

Exeunt omnes to the Palace.

Enter the Messenger to Mahomet.

Gent. Great Emperour,
The troubled Janisaries all in Arms
Attend your presence at the Palace Gates.

Mah. What means the unwarranted Assembly of them?
Well! I'le go to them.

Exit Mahomet with his Guard.

Enter.

Enter Souldiers, as before the Palace.

All. Well! did he know he kiſt his laſt,
And courted his farewel:
He'd tire our expectation:
But ſoft! he mounts the Battlement.

Enter Mahomet, as on the Wall.

Mah. How now! What mean theſe poſtures
Of Diſloyalty and Treaſon?

All. What mean theſe curl'd Dangles and Perfumes,
They ſpeak ſome odoriferous Sacrifice, and muſt not be in vain:
Bring forth that Witch-like Saint,
That with her Charms poyſons thy bloud:
We'l looſe thee from Inchantments,
By the deſtroying her.

Mah. Imperious Villains! for the beſt life that breathes amongſt you,
By your baſe ſoultry breath ſtain her perfection:
Slaves, what hath ſhe done deſerves it?
Muſt ſhe be murdered 'cauſe I love her?

All. She hath fetter'd your heroick ſpirits,
Impriſon'd your freedome,
And even reduc't you to a ſluggiſh careleſneſs;
Caus'd brave *Natolia*'s baniſhment,
Becauſe he ſought for to reclaim you.

Mah. 'Tis falſe:
She never knew the Conference as yet;
Much leſs his Baniſhment:
'Twas his unrevereno'd impudence that caus'd it.

All. It was no impudence, great Sir:
'Twas his zeal of love,
Ingratefully rewarded,
Caus'd through reſpect of her.
This day ſhall ſee the diſſolution of her, and her Inchantments.
We know we ſhall be thankt,
When you become your ſelf:
Therefore pardon our rudeneſs.

Mah. Patience, I'le ſend for her:
Ah! ah! pure innocence;
Why doth not every thing that pleads
Non-guilty,
Appear like *Eſpine* Plants,
While their great Queen aſcends her direful Scaffold:
Me-thinks that mighty Roufan Embleme of her,
Should cruſh together,
With deſtruction on her Foes: But ſoft! ſhe's yonder!
Oh how all murderous thoughts
Creep back with fear at her approach.

They offer violence to the Gates.

To a Gent. Go fetch my Love unto her Funeral.

Exit a Gent.

Enter Irene.

Irene. What will my mighty Lord?

Mah.

Mah. The preſervation of thy life.
Irene. Do's any covet an improfitable Clod?
Mah. Oh! oh! my Soul.
Sad Funerals ſtill ſucceed a Nuptial Dream:
Thou harmleſly enjoy'd the Wedlock thoughts of pleaſure,
While ſullain Brains bring Death to be thy Bridegroom:
Look o're and ſee the Dogs of Death,
That do purſue ſo ſweet a Game. *She looks o're.*
All. Oh gilt-temptation!
Irene. Oh Fates! Is my weak Limbes
A ſubject for your great Revenge?
Well! well! my colour's paſt; my period draws faſt on,
And I muſt down to duſt
And loathſomneſs, return to a none-being.
Great Sir! Who's my prepared Butcher?
Mah. Thy Butcher:
That word murders my Soul deep perplexity;
I'le ſpeak to them again.
Inhumane Wretches! On your allegeance paſs: let her alone,
I'le ſtop the gap, betwixt her, and your baſe Revenge.
All. Mad men muſt be madly dealt with.
Mah. Stop your unreverend proceedings, *They ruſh open the Gates, part*
She's not for common Butchers: *enter, with ſwords drawn.*
This my own hand ſhall give inlargement to her Soul,
To tower the Heavens to invoke revenge upon your murd'rous heads.
Irene. Well! I am prepar'd a Sacrifice of Reconciliation
Betwixt you, and your imperious Camp,
Oh! oh! my dear *Pæologus*;
Thou little knoweſt I lip the grave, *All aſide.*
And have not now a friend in all the World
For to receive my dying words.
Oh my dear love! that I might melt into thy boſome:
Oh now!
I feel the chilneſs of cold Death ſeiz on my yeilding ſpirits:
I will go ſlumber, and not ſee the fatal blow of my Deceaſe:
Farewel *Pæologus*: My dearest Lord for ever now adieu.
Mah. Not once farewel to me, my Soul, *She ſwounds.*
Farewel to thee:
O had thou but look't,
I never could have ſtruck this fatal blow.
All. To armes, our
Emperor is himſelf, with his Falchion ſevers head and body.
Mah. O damnation, Villains,
I am my ſelf indeed:
For you have rifi'd me of the ſweet addition,
And now in all my ſelf,
I cannot find one thought of comfort,
For to pleaſe my ſelf.

Well

Well! Revenge and Fury be my Conducts now;
I'le send the Royal Spirits of slaughtered Princes to attend her.
Bring in that great perfection,
That such honour may be laid in dust. *Exit Mah.*

Then exeunt omnes.

Then enter with the Corps; as to them a Gentleman.

Gent. Shines not the fair *Irene* here.

One. She did of late:
But Death defac't that beauty now,
Behold her breathless Corps,
By her pure Spirits forsaken -- born there.

Gent. I beseech you Sir, the fatal Story.

The other. The great content the Emperour took in her,
Made him lay by the great Affairs of State to court her:
At which the imperious Souldiers high incens't,
Forc't his unwilling hand to part her head and body.

Gen. Were they married?

The oth. Oh no! she kept aloufe:
But should the morrow been a Royal Bride.

Gent. Oh sad! my Errand's done:
I an unwelcome messenger must now return,
Farewel, sweet Sir. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord Pæologus, *at the appointed place before the Walls.*

Pæo. I wonder our dull Post exceeds the lazie time,
I am wearied with the tosses of this tedious night,
And fain would see my Sun.

1 I do discover one.

2 Soft! it bears resemblance of our expectation.

3 'Tis certain none but he.

Dæm. Hum! Me-thinks his looks speak horrible destruction.

Pæo. Oh! and alas! *Enter Gent.*
What mean these News?
That tos thy tongue from Order,
And shakes the frame of thy composed Spirits:
Oh dread! I need not bid thee speak;
I read me senseless in thy look;
Yet of the manner give me satisfaction.

Gent. The pure Soul of fair *Irene*,
Hath now acquir'd its proper Center.

Pæo. Oh! oh! Do's that bald Tyrant
In secret Clay, reap her sweet Corps.
Oh! my dear Love, whose presence made delight,
Must thou be rotting in the irksome Grave,
The food of loathsome Worms:
Sith I in the Air enjoy the light of *Phœbus*.

Oh

Oh no! There was inherent simplicity in us:
I know her Soul in restless expectation doth remain,
Therefore, I will not now, as hereto, brook a delay:
Demosthenes, thank thou these noble Gentlemen,
For their true pains in this lost labour:
For now the life and soul of all my spirits,
Press to acquire their Center, and rack me fearfully:
Go thou relentless Steel,
And spurt them forth;
Come, come, my Soul, *He with a Dagger stabs himself.*
Although our bodies, separate for ever, moulder in the dust:
Our Spirits shall conjoyn.
Oh! oh! my Love, I haste. *Dyes.*

1 Oh doleful Tragedy!
I did not dream this point.

2 I wonder where unseen
He wore the fatal Steel.

Dam. I was inseparable in life,
And will not be disjoyn'd in death.
Oh! oh! *He stretches himself close down by the Corps, and with the same Dagger kills himself.*

All. Oh! Loyal Servant! *Dyes.*

This is a Spectacle of like Woe
To that of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.